

Risks by OTTSTF

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Summary:

Follows immediately after [Mother's Instinct](#).

Mike learns that Eleven can become very dangerous during nightmares.

But, does he care? *Of course not.*

Risks

Author's Note:

Felt the need to bash a bit of comfort/fluff into my keyboard.

So now I have another absolute mess of text for you.

"No..."

"I can't..."

Mike feels sleep slip away as he hears a familiar voice slur lines from beside him.

"I won't..."

Oh great, a nightmare. Mike realises as he hears (and now sees) El stir in her sleep.

"El?" he taps her shoulder.

"Stop... Please..."

"El?" he tries again, patting her shoulder with a hint of extra force.

"I won't let you."

For a brief second he wonders what she's seeing; but after that brief second, all he can do is panic, as he feels an invisible force punch him down into the bed onto his back, letting out a groan.

Oh shit.

He can't move. He considers just letting this whole thing happen; after all, she's not doing this to him on purpose and likely has no idea anyway. Just let the nightmare pass and hopefully she'll not remember it in the morning.

That is until he suddenly finds it *extremely* difficult to breathe.

Oh... oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

Without even knowing it, El is slowly strangling the life out of Mike. He's trying his hardest to break free of her impossibly strong grasp, but it just isn't happening.

"El!" he struggles through the grasp around his neck, ignoring the pain caused by it. Nothing.

"El, wake up!" Nothing.

His vision is beginning to fade. *Do something now or it's Death by El.*

"Please, El Please!" he lets out one last cry, desperate for her to awaken before he blacks out completely.

He's about to give up, all hope for survival lost; when her eyes suddenly burst open, and he's relieved of her grasp. He takes in the biggest breath humanly possible as he lunges into a sitting position, before taking his hands to his neck as if to numb the pain.

El's confused for a second before she hears Mike's unnaturally heavy breathing. Looking to him, she sees him holding his neck loosely; his face red as a bi-product of the strangling. She suddenly realises what she had done.

"Mike! Oh my god, Mike!"

She springs upwards, immediately grabbing hold of him.

"Mike, Mike I'm sorry!"

He doesn't say a word, still in shock from the ordeal. She feels a tear approach her cheek as she practically goes insane with panic.

You stupid bitch, look what you've done! Why can't you be normal? You can't live around people because you're too much of a risk!

"Mike... please, are you okay?"

As he regains his senses, he slowly turns to focus on El; his face full of both relief and panic, but she seems to notice only the latter.

"Oh my god, Mike I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to, I had no idea I was doing it, honest!"

Panic time over, Mike. She needs you.

He places his hands on her shoulders; their eyes lock into a stare.

"El, El it's okay."

"No Mike, this is anything but okay. I hurt you!"

True, but I don't care.

"El, please, calm down. I'm fine, I'm okay."

She shakes her head in response.

"El..."

Before he can continue, she raises to her feet.

"I can't stay... I can't."

Mike's soon behind her, grabbing onto her hand.

"El, please! It was a mistake, I understand!"

El tries to tug her hand away from him, but he doesn't allow her to.

"Mike, I have to go!"

He shakes his head violently before placing his hands on her shoulders, once again their eyes lock into a stare.

"No El, no you don't. You don't have to go anywhere. Please, calm down."

"What if I didn't wake up? What then?"

His heart begins to sink. *I'd be dead but I don't care.*

"El..."

"What if I do that again?"

"El plea-"

"Mike, I could've killed you! I can't be with people; I told you, I'm the monster."

A hint of anger appears in his expression.

"No, *no* El. You're not, and you never will be."

She's unconvinced. "Mike, I nearly killed you in my sleep, without even touching you. *Of course* I'm a monster. Please, let me go."

"No. You're not going anywhere because this was not your fault, and you are *not* a monster." he states with a voice of certainty.

"Wh-how is this not my fault, Mike? I-" she's nearly broken down in tears. Her voice softens with the fear building inside her. "I nearly choked you to death, Mike!"

"El, please, stop. I don't care about any of that, because you didn't

mean to."

She wants to go. She doesn't want to be a risk to anybody's life anymore.

She hums for a brief second, thinking of how to convince him.

"I'm just *afraid*, Mike. I'm afraid I'll do that again and it'll go too far. I don't want to end up killing you because I can't control myself! I don't want you to be afraid like I am."

"El. I'm not afraid, and I never will be, because as far as I care, it *wasn't* you."

She can't help but feel a hint of anger build inside her.

"Then who was it, Mike!? Who else is a freak that could do that to you!?"

The anger transfers to him in an instant.

"El, don't you *ever* let me hear you call yourself that again. You are *not* a freak, and you are *not* a monster."

"Then *what* am I, Mike?"

No time to slack, Wheeler. Autopilot engaged.

"You're amazing, El. That's what you are. You are the most amazing human being I will ever meet, and I'm not saying that because of your powers. You fill my life with happiness just by being around. You put everyone else before yourself, even when doing so could mean your death. You saved *my* life three times in a week. One, single, week, and it was the first week we'd ever met."

Tears are flowing down Mike's cheeks at this point; he can never bear to see El in pain, let alone doubt herself. He can't help but wrap her in his arms, burying his face in her shoulder. She hesitates for a moment, but does the same.

"Don't you ever call yourself anything like that ever again. I don't care what you do, how close you come to accidentally killing me. You'll never be a monster, or a freak, and I never want you to leave, ever. I don't think I could go on if you left."

She raises her head in an instant, looking down to his.

"Don't say that, Mike."

He raises his, looking into her eyes once again.

"I'm serious, El, I couldn't. If our parents were here now they'd be rolling their eyes, telling us we're far too young for this, but I know; I know that I never want to be separated from you ever again."

Speechless doesn't cut it for El right now.

"Mike, I..." she takes a moment to reflect on everything she's heard.

"I'm... sorry."

He begins to rub her back with one hand, as if to comfort her.

"It's okay, El. I can never be mad at you."

They share a smile through their tears, as they both reach to wipe each-others away in unison. A small giggle forms from them both, as Mike leads her back to the bed, sitting down, and pulling her with him.

There's a moment of silence before El speaks up.

"I never want to be away from you either, Mike."

Goofy smile, roll out.

"You'll never have to be. I'll never *let* you."

They both share another giggle, before Mike tugs her arm.

"Come on, let's get back to sleep, yeah?"

She nods her head, climbing over to her side of the bed. Silence surrounds them as they both stare at the ceiling, neither comfortable with closing their eyes yet not knowing how to fix the discomfort either. Eventually, El rolls to her side to look at Mike, and speaks up.

"Mike?"

He turns just his head to look back to her.

"Yeah?"

"I don't say this enough, but... thank you."

His brows furrow in confusion.

"What for?"

She lets out a small laugh in response to his obliviousness.

"For being you. You're always trying to make me feel special, like I really belong here, ever since you found me in the woods. You were the first person to act like you really care about me, Mike, and it means so much to me."

He waits a moment before rolling onto his side, locking their eyes yet again.

"Because I do, El. You mean *so much* to me. I may not have realised it back when we first met, but I've always needed you."

Her smile grows as she looks into his eyes. *How did I get so lucky? I don't know, but I know I never want this to end. I want to be with Mike for the rest of my life.*

"I love you, Michael Wheeler."

His stomach feels like a washing machine in spin cycle; like a gymnast, performing one backflip after another. *Holy shit. She loves me. She's said it before but now she's the one saying it first. Holy shit, she loves me.*

"I-..." *Mike, grow up!* "I uhm-"

She lets out a giggle, before reaching a hand up to his face, moving stray hair out of the way before leaning in to press her lips to his head. A short peck; but it may as well last a lifetime.

"Give up, mouth breather."

That breaks the shy cycle that Mike's fallen into. He lets out a giggle of his own. *But when the hell did she pick up on sarcasm?*

He lets out a sigh. "That's how much you mean to me. I can't even tell you how much I love you."

She bows her head with a smile as she begins to blush. She returns her gaze.

"You tell me every day, Mike. Maybe not with words, but you tell me."

The blush is transferred to him. He doesn't know how to respond, so his instincts take over, and their lips meet for a short kiss, although longer than a simple peck. They're soon cuddled together, breathing the same air. They fall back to sleep hand-in-hand, as if letting go

would mean losing the other.

Happiness. This is it.

Author's Note:

Kudos and comments always make my day, so please consider dropping some words if you have time.
Hope you enjoyed, thanks so much for reading!

Works inspired by this one:

- [i'll always love you](#) by [mikesfreckles](#)